

THE QUIVER

Saturday, August 11, 1866.



(Drawn by A. B. HOUGHTON.)

"He stood in his black weepers and little cloak on the side of the coffin."—p. 739.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIFE."

III.—THE SEXTON'S WINDOW.

WHY a sexton should exist in a town wherein he is allowed to bury no man, it is not for us to inquire. Suffice it that he so exists, that

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his bell, with its little black wooden handle, hangs by a jointed bit of rusty wire just outside his window; and in the porch of a church, around which roars by day and night—now loud, now faint,

now stirred to a wild frenzy, and then settling down to an indistinct and sullen noise—the ceaseless traffic of London. At some distance from the porch which leads to it is a tall, four-spired bell-tower, wherein hangs one of the most solemn bells in the world, to the sound of which, as it strikes eight in the sunny mornings, or in those clouded with fog, or whitened by the thick-falling snow, some hundreds of human beings have been brought out to die; and once upon a time, if not now, the sexton had to toll the passing-bell for the poor wretches who, from the high scaffold, could see the grey stones of the church, the graveyard with its patch of green, and the clinging ivy which has crept up the walls and covered the spaces between the windows; nay, in casting their eyes up to heaven as they passed out of the low door of the chief prison of the ancient city of which I am speaking, the condemned ones might have seen the heavens around the four spires of the church, which rears itself above the sexton's window, and have noted with a lightning flash that the four vanes on the steeple top pointed four different ways; yea, says Howel the traveller, "like unreasonable people hard to reconcile, who never looked all four upon one point of the heavens."

The little window looks upon a faded churchyard, on which the rain has fairly had its play, and, undisturbed by the sweet winds of heaven, has beaten the very life and soul out of the earth and the green things upon the earth, and formed nothing but splashed cups of soft mud. But a few trees, worthy of a better place, such as a paradise in soft Devonian wood or breezy Sussex down, struggle to add verdure to God's acre, though it be in a smoky city, and man's dead lies unheeded and forgotten with the roar of human seas around them. Trees are affected by artificial light, and, a good old gardener tells us, die of want of sleep. Do they ever want to go out of town? Do they not dream, as they murmur in the hot summer air, of soft virgin mould and country showers? Do they not sigh to shed, as does our town plane-trees, their sooty bark, and wrap themselves in green, soft moss, and listen to the songs of birds?—to the piping country larks, woodlarks: none of your town-bred skylarks, who sit perched upon their squares of turf, like fat landed proprietors, but who, unlike some of those large-acred lords, peer through the iron bars of their cages, and, without repining, pour out full-throated songs in praise of the warm sunshine, the blue sky, and heaven itself.

Inside this little window you may see the sexton in his room. He is an old man, with a bare head, nearly as naked as a billiard ball, and looking like a long yellow egg somewhat out of shape. A few books, a dozen or so parochial notices, a hat turned up at one end of the brim, from a constant habit of its wearer of looking up at the bell-ropes, a cotton

pocket-handkerchief of a faded blue colour, a stout, worn stick, with a large mud mushroom at the end, and very shiny and crooked in the handle, and a little crutch—a child's crutch only—in the corner of the room. Such things the eye of any one will catch as he looks into the room of Mr. Mathew Bohn, sexton of St. Saviour's-at-Hill. Above the mantelshelf is a blunderbuss, with a brass barrel and a flint lock, with a priming-pan as big as a saltcellar; and there, too, polished and kept as an ornament, is a bell of somewhat ancient date. If any one wishes to know more about that hand-bell, a tall black board outside the door will tell him that good citizen Dowe did leave, 250 years ago, a sum of money that the sexton might toll, in the still hour of night, this hand-bell as near as he could to the cell of the fast-dying man—a man dying in sound health, bethink you—and cry out a kind of doggerel warning him of his fate:

"All you that in the condemned hole do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
And when St. Saviour's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls!"

In those good times how often—let us say at least every Monday morning—was some poor creature awakened from the sleep which Nature had kindly given him, in which she painted on his tired brain, racked with the thoughts of wrong and cruelty, neglect and death, by the rough summons of the bellman. "And many died innocent then, sir," says the sexton: "Those were dreadful days—days of blood-money, days when Jonathan Wild, and some o' them awful men as wicked authors and publishers make heroes of, bred up their victims to the gallows, just as one breeds chickens for the spit." True enough it is. "But, after all, they were good old times then," adds the old man, and nods his head, and begins a low whistle, expressive chiefly, it may be, of his admiration for the times.

"Mr. Dowe, sir, he did a good thing, though," says the sexton. "He meant well, you see; and them as means well cannot always go wrong anyhow. You see the High Toby swells who died game—the Gentleman Jacks, and Jack Sheppards, and such people, did not die off there then" (he nodded his head in the direction of the city prison); "but there was crowds come early to see 'em brought out, and they followed 'em too: and some on 'em stepped boldly into the cart, and sat on their coffins; and some hung down their heads and wept; and them as was that way currish the crowd, I've heard, shouted at and jeered. Poor souls! a many of 'em hung for stealing of five shillings, may be. But the lads that died game came out in a tarnished laced coat, and a cocked hat may be, with a lace scarf, bought by some women who loved 'em, for the last ride on to Tyburn. For you see, sir, that among the many things that even wicked men 'a got to thank God

for is that women don't desert us at the last, not if men are as good as heaven's saints, or as bad as them as is the opposite to such, the Lord forgive 'em. Well, sir, to prepare 'em for that dreadful ride, my ancestor in this office, him as went before me long years ago, used to look over the yard wall, and cry out, 'All good people, pray heartily for these poor souls who are going to their death!'

"Poor souls, indeed! why, this place is thronged with memories."

"Yes, yes," said the sexton. "Up those wide stairs that lead to our galleries, how many prayerful souls have mounted! how few steps go up now! We fill our galleries with charity boys, sir, and, as I sit in my seat, I look down on the young rascals flocking round the big organ, and looking staid and solemn enough in their faces, 'cos they fronts the master, but playing at odd and even behind their backs, or suckin' away at physic bottles full of liquorice-water, which they thinks finer than champagne, I dare say. Boys will be boys, sir; and in our city churches, which are not very full anyhow, it's lonesome like for children."

"It is indeed. It would be well to have children's services, as we have children's story-books and magazines; and in those litanies one could tell them all the sweetness and beauty of the gentle faith, and give them the sweet-scented flowers of religion, without the thorns of doubt and the brambles of wickedness and error."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the sexton, taking up the polished little crutch and dandling it on his knee with evident affection, "that's just what little Jim said, years ago. He's a wise child, sir; very wise indeed. You should hear him; it would do you good. He plays at parson sometimes, and reads me a solemn sermon, I can tell you."

"How old is he now?"

"The same as ever; just rising eight," answered the sexton, shaking his bald little head, and looking dreamily in the fire. "They don't grow old there; there's no time, no day and night, no striking of the clock or tolling of the death-bell up in heaven. Well, before little Jim became as he was, the very last grave as I opened here, on the north side of the church, was to put away Jim's mother, who went away from me as all the people go, and left me and Jim awaiting. He was only six, and he stood in his black weepers and little cloak on the side of the coffin, and said, quite calmly, 'Mother won't come again.' 'No,' says I, 'Jim, my man, she won't,' and I choked like; 'but she was obliged to go,' says I, 'because she was called; but where she is she'll wait for us.' 'Oh,' said the boy, looking bright and sensible, 'that'll do then;' and he never asked a word, but laid his little pale face aside of mine in the night, and when he woke up in his pain, for some drunken fool had thrown the child down and lamed him long before, he said, 'Mother waits for

us, father; when shall we two start?' You must know that he was not sad, sir; he was as merry as a bird, and hopped about the churchyard on his little crutch, calling it his garden. He didn't grow in his body; it was all in his mind, sir. He learnt his letters off the tombs, or out of the church books, and used to look up to the stone cherubs as his little brothers. I often wondered at that child—so wise, so thoughtful, looking, as he would sometimes, from the tower window—for I carried him up there on fine days—at the crowds of people going on, and never wanting to leave me to go out and play. 'See, father,' he would say, 'there they all go past and leave us; they never, never come and take us, for we wait for mother till we can go there home.' He had no more doubt, sir, that that was *home* than I have now—now he's gone to it, and sometimes comes to me. He learnt his letters from the tombstones, and used to think some of the verses queer. 'Affliction sore long time I bore,' he used to sing, as if it were a funny song; for he said that if one tried to forget one's pains, and looked forward to goin' home, as the boys that came and played with him amid the grave-stones did to their holiday, you wouldn't mind it much. When the sun came round in the evenings, near to settin' like, it glinted from the west along the wall of the church, and fell upon the grave of his mother, where Jim would go and sit. It was behind the church, for the wardens didn't allow such as me to have one of the best places. Yes, sir; tombs is like situations. I once took little Jim up to the big cemetery, for a treat—up at Kensal Green there—and there, said he, were the tombs all shoving each other, and pressing into front ranks along the sides of the walks, shoulder to shoulder. 'Come, dress up there,' says a big monument, 'and you little grave-stone fall back to rear rank.' Yes, sir, they sizes them just like they do the Grenadier company in a regiment. Well, we've got one of the hinder ranks; we are rather squeezed into a corner; but when the last trump sounds, and they beat to arms up there, I dare say we shall be able to get out. You see I've been an old soldier, sir, and know all about it. I used to drill Jim with his crutch, and when he said (because we tried to grow flowers on the grave, and for want of air they withered)—when he said as our bed was a little too backward, I told him that one of the manoeuvres in war was to change face, left half face, left half face again, or right about face at once; and that the then front rank fell into the rear after all. In summer evenings, when the old bells about here chimed the evenin' hymn, little Jim came out to this corner bit, with his crutch and his milk, and looked to his flowers. He had great patience with 'em, but somehow they wouldn't grow. They looked beautiful and smelt sweet for, oh! so short a time; then grew spindly, and died; and I couldn't find no

comfort for Jim, but he found it for himself. Yes, sir, he thought it out in this ways:

"'Father,' says he, one day, in the winter, looking up bright as a young blackbird, 'there's a many flowers we've put on mother's grave.'

"'Yes, Jim,' I answered.

"'And none on 'em ever growed much to speak on,' says he.

"'I can't say they did, Jim,' I returned.

"'You see,' said he, 'though it's a bed for mother and us, it's a grave for them poor things, brought all out of the country, may be out of the sweet fields and the scented hedgerows that I read about, and so, taking to their grave, they die, and go through that narrow gate to heaven. And in the fields up there, where mother's waiting for us, they grow, no doubt, larger and finer; and the good thoughts and sweet sayings we've had about her, and the flowers we've pressed round her grave, don't all die, but spring up in all their glory to delight and please her in the fields of heaven.'

"'Why, Jim,' says I, 'that's about as good doctrine as ever parson preached. There was a young curate—young curates are flowery, sir—as did something like it, but not quite so good. 'You've solved a mystery to me, my boy. Out of the mouths of babes—'

"'Ah, father,' says he, with a sweet smile, 'I'm

going up there soon to look after that garden against you come. I feel very tired like, and weak, and my back does ache so, and my heart goes heavily, thump, thump, thump, as heavily as my crutch along the aisle when people look at me as I go out of church on Sundays.'

"Jim said no more, sir; that night he went away. He was curled up with one red spot in his white cheek early in the morning, lying awake, and he woke me. 'Father,' says he, 'I saw mother last night, and she spoke to me the first lines of that old hymn: "Teach me to live." "Oh, I know that mother," said I, "bed and the grave are one to me, for you are there—and now——"' then a twitch of pain passed across him and made him open his sweet eyes—oh, so wide, with such a different look from that they ever bore while living; and then it seemed to go, and he turned and kissed my hand, and lay his cheek upon it with a great sigh of relief, and smiled upon me as he went away.

"He sometimes comes again, sir, but he does not want a crutch now. He gives me good advice, and when I toll the bell for wicked men I see him looking sad and praying in the dark; but most, he's radiant with love and smiles as if he had long ago found out the flowers and the fields that grow in the sweet country that lies beyond the grave."

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY W. B. CHEADLE, M.D., F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE BY LAND."



VANCOUVER ISLAND has been described as another England, but there are few parts of the old country which are as picturesque as the district around Victoria. The town stands on the shores of a bay formed by two rocky, wooded promontories, which approach each other so closely at their seaward extremities as to leave but a narrow entrance to the well-sheltered harbour within. The ground rises gradually from the beach in many a mound and swell, on which the houses cluster; and behind, in the further distance, the hills rise higher and higher to the north, some bare and green, others richly wooded with pines, oaks, and birches, and the loftier peaks, rugged, rocky, and grand.

Seven years ago there were but few settlers in the island (although it had been created a crown colony a few years previously), and the town consisted of only some half-dozen houses and the buildings of the fort—a trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The news of the discovery of gold on the Fraser River, however, spread like wildfire, and in the spring of 1858 a strange, wild scene was displayed on the shores of Victoria Bay. 20,000 people had arrived from every quarter of the

globe, eager to be the first to gather the golden harvest, the extraordinary richness of which had been so widely proclaimed. Hundreds of the newcomers were utterly destitute, and suffered many hardships before they could proceed to the mines, for the Fraser was at high flood, and the sand-bars where the gold lay hid could not be worked until the waters subsided. Thousands of tents dotted the shore, and the unfortunate immigrants who did not possess this shelter were exposed to the torrents of rain which poured down pitilessly day after day, or had to be content with the rude huts of planks, logs, and boughs, which they hastily put up as a protection from the storms. Provisions, too, rose to an extravagant price, and famine was added to the miseries of the adventurers.

But these difficulties gradually passed away, the weather became beautifully fine, the floods went down at last, and the greater part of the new population went forward to British Columbia, while houses were rapidly put up by those who chose to remain. When we visited the island in 1863, the town already boasted of several streets, and buildings of brick and stone were rapidly replacing the wooden structures of the earlier times. Churches,

hotels, theatres, and extensive Government offices, now adorn the metropolis of Vancouver, which promises, if it is laid out with a taste at all equal to the loveliness of the situation, to become one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

One meets a motley company in the streets of Victoria. There is the normal, well-to-do Englishman, arrayed in suit of tweed; the Yankee, for whom such homely material has no charms, invariably dressed in the finest broadcloth, with long-skirted coat, and high-heeled, broad-toed boots of most exquisite fit; the German Jew money-lender, with dark bearded face; the polite Frenchman who keeps a *restaurant*; chattering Italians, scowling Mexicans, attenuated Chinamen, cunning-looking Canakas, grinning niggers, Indians of a dozen different tribes, and miners just come down from Cariboo, with slouchhats, flannel shirts, and trousers stuffed into huge jack-boots. A striking feature distinguishing the different races is the wonderful variety of head-dress, to which they seem to cling with affectionate tenacity to the last, after giving up all other peculiarities of dress. Your Englishman affects the round "pot" hat, or time-honoured, irrepressible beaver; the ordinary American, satisfied with the superior quality of the rest of his costume, contents himself with a crumpled wide-awake; the Californian adopts a wide-brimmed, steple-crowned hat of hard felt; the Mexican sticks to his *sombrero*; the Chinaman, his native straw, with expansive brim; and the Indian, a hat of plaited grass—which must have been the original pattern for the frightful mushroom, once the delight and eclipse of English ladies—or adorns his long, wiry, black hair with feathers or ribbons, or a gaudy silk handkerchief.

The fact that there are so many separate tribes, or rather nations of aborigines in Vancouver and British Columbia, differing widely in physical characteristics and habits of life, renders the collection of different races in Victoria more varied perhaps than in other new cities, which have been peopled in a similar manner. The tall, white-skinned, handsome, and warlike Hydah forms a marked contrast to the swarthy, smaller, and more slender Shushwap, and they both are distinct enough from the squat, fish-eating Sougish, and the hideous Flathead. The languages too of the several tribes are so dissimilar, and the dialects so numerous, that the first traders of the Hudson's Bay Company found it impossible to master them all, and were driven, for the convenience of commercial intercourse, to the invention of an extraordinary jargon, a medley of English, French, Russian, and Indian words, which is now the common medium of communication with every nation. This curious mixture of tongues, called Chinook, has a very limited vocabulary, and its grammar is of the simplest, if grammar it can be called, since it disdains the use of moods, tenses,

and cases. When we first entered the country, the Indians we met took it for granted that we should not understand their own particular language, but could not comprehend why we did not speak the universal Chinook, looking upon us as very ill-educated and ignorant people in consequence. The Indians of the North Pacific, although inferior in physique, and wanting that dignity of manner and proud bearing which distinguish the true Red Man east of the Rocky Mountains, are greatly his superior in ingenuity and aptitude for civilisation. They are tolerably industrious; and those who have mingled with the whites have learnt to till the soil, and have become keen traders, knowing well the value of money, and fully alive to the difference between the American and English currency, and never forget the fact that a sovereign is worth sixpence less than a five-dollar piece. They are expert in the manufacture of various articles for domestic uses and the adornment of their persons. From the wool of the mountain goat, spun, and dyed with native colours, they weave war-blankets, and of fine grass, water-tight baskets, both of curious and intricate patterns: make rings and bracelets of silver, beautifully chased, and ornaments of shell: and fashion pipes and musical instruments of slate, carved with strange Egyptian-like figures of men and animals.

The Indian *Tyhee*, or chief, in Vancouver, carefully accumulates property for a season, but only in order that he may display his wealth and greatness, by the magnificence of his presents. When he has collected a goodly store of treasures, generally once a year, a neighbouring tribe is invited to pay him a visit, and a grand *potlatch*, or ceremony of presentation of gifts to the guests takes place. It so happened, that when we were in Victoria, the Sougish tribe held a *potlatch* to their friends, the Flatheads, and we crossed over to the Indian quarter, on the other side the harbour, to be present at the festival. We found the whole settlement in a state of bustle and excitement. The large, flat-roofed huts, built of rough planks, were full of guests, who were being regaled with savage delicacies, and hundreds of natives were encamped outside, cooking, and eating, and chattering with great vivacity. Fleets of canoes, of all sizes, some large enough to carry thirty or forty persons, with beak-like prows, resembling those of Roman galleys, and crowded with passengers, kept constantly arriving. Both hosts and guests were in full finery, and armed with guns and knives; and every now and then, some of the more enthusiastic and extravagant of the entertainers fired a "*feu de joie*," in honour of some new arrival. Piles of red and green blankets, gaudy handkerchiefs, bright-coloured sashes and ribbons, lay ready for distribution, and pots of molasses, rice, and sugar, in preparation for the feast. From some cause, however, which we failed to ascertain,

the ceremony was postponed until the following day, and we were much disappointed that more pressing engagements prevented us from being present at the curious sight. We learnt, however, that great destruction of property takes place at a *pollatch*. The more distinguished guests, being first served, fare well, but the supply of finery generally runs short before the turn of their inferiors arrives; and, as it is absolutely necessary that every person must receive something, blankets and handkerchiefs are torn into strips, and eagerly scrambled for by the portionless crowd. Many of the legends and superstitions of these people are very interesting, but want of space precludes us from entering into a description of them. Nor may we here relate their strange customs of marriage and sepulture, and how they adorn the graves of their dead with banners and devices, and images of the departed. We cannot, however, close this account of the inhabitants of Victoria without a brief notice of the Chinamen, who form a considerable, and not the least important, portion of the population. They are merchants, miners, labourers, and the washerwomen, or rather *washermen* of the colony, and the most industrious

and orderly of citizens. The labouring men are hired in China by some enterprising countryman of their own, at fixed wages and for a long term, and brought over to Vancouver Island and British Columbia; and the retainer of their services lets them out at what profit he can, and to any work which he may think proper. They are exceedingly saving and penurious, living almost entirely upon rice, and other cheap food, and generally contrive to save, in a few years, sufficient to enable them to return and live in comfort in their own country. A strong prejudice exists against them amongst the miners, on account of their hoarding, instead of circulating money for the benefit of the colony; and they are prohibited from entering any of the richer diggings, and have to be content with working those which have been abandoned by the whites. As merchants, they are very thriving, and some of the largest stores in Victoria are owned by Chinamen. We would fain relate how we were sumptuously entertained by the wealthy Kwong Lee, the extraordinary stories he told us of Chinese domestic life, and other curious matters; but our space forbids, and our prolixity is happily repressed.

A WORD UPON CERTAIN "LITTLE WORLDS."

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "SURE STANDARDS OF THE FAITH."



"URS is the most gossiping, slander-loving village in the world," said a young lady to me once. I ventured to doubt it; I dared to deny it. All, however, I presumed to suggest was—Ask the next parish. Chalvey-cum-Hookey was certainly on a par with Hookey-cum-Snivey.

When you are out for a summer holiday, and look from some lofty elevation on vale and village—counting here and there the spires and steeples which peep through the picturesque surroundings of the woodland—you are looking down upon so many "little worlds" with their large planets and their little stars, their popular preachers and their plodding parsons, their districts of St. James and St. Giles. To a very great many that "little world" is their all and in all. Its smile sends them to bed in ecstasy; its scorn makes them wake with tears. Those quiet-looking, demure sort of houses which dot the road near the village-green, looking so unobservant of you and your belongings, remind us of the words of the poet, "Things are not what they seem." Doubtless, at Ramsgate or Brighton you have paid your sixpence and visited the little round-house, where, looking on a table in the centre, you have seen the ships on the ocean, the sailors on the shore; quite a stirring interesting scene is all at once spread before you in that quiet, little circular house. Do

not for a moment suppose that the demure little abode you pass is quite a different place from that.

I am not finding fault with this aspect of affairs. Do not misunderstand me. What in the world is to prevent quiet country people of perishing from sheer inanity, if they are not to notice their neighbours, or talk about their parishes? Surely persons and things nearest at hand are fuller of interest than mightier matters far away. The only danger I know of in particular is that of trusting too deferentially to the judgment and opinion of this little world. There's many a needless heartache to-day in a country parish about some foolish little matter of mere opinion or taste. You remember that picture in the Great Exhibition of 1862, entitled "Waiting for the Verdict"—what breathless suspense, what eager anxiety, what pent-up feeling! We can understand all this in such a case; but why on earth this should be repeated in non-essential matters seems most extraordinary. What will Lady Grundy say? Why, the verdict has been given, is repeated and reiterated, and it's against you. Horror of horrors! it injures your digestion, haunts your solitude, disturbs your sleep, darkens your future. You rode your little horse too fast through the village, and you're done for ever; literally, the pace has killed you. Was it not most unbecoming and *outré*? or you—never mind what. You're

wrong, that's plain enough: etiquette has been broken in upon, propriety has been outraged, taste has been defied; you did nothing wrong, but you are in the wrong! Do not laugh, reader, and say, what an absurdity, as if *that* kind of thing ever made people miserable. You must be a pretty sort of ignoramus if you do not know that it does; and until the offender is restored to favour, all her civilities will be returned, as we read in the "Vicar of Wakefield," by "a mutilated curtesy." There may be a great deal of tyranny in a little village. The thirty gossippers may be as cruel as the Thirty Tyrants of Athens, and the leaders of opinion as oppressive as the Triumvirs of Rome. It is equally dangerous to be deluded by the too flattering opinion of your little village world. Take care, young man, the great world may reverse the verdict of the little one upon your talents. Take care, young woman, the sensation you produce in other circles may disappoint you after the golden opinions you have won in your own. The moral of the whole is clear—do not be cast down by trifles, seek the approval of a good conscience, and let the little-world approval come and go as it may.

There is the little world of school. I have often wondered where do all the clever boys go to—what do they do? Whereas, I have been often struck in meeting some earnest and successful man who was quite on the "lower form" and in the "outer circle" at school. But what a world it is! How high you lift your head when you are hail fellows with the seniors: perhaps, in reality, some of them are lubberly fellows, who the rest of their lives will continue to live upon their parents; but for the time being they are quite lords in your estimate of life. That Hulkins thinks so, is for a considerable period an unanswerable argument with you. What prejudices, and likings, and tyrannies there are in schools! Do I hear the reader say, Quite so; that's why I don't send mine? Then I venture to think you are mistaken. That little school-world is a miniature of life outside; and, barring vice, young people are better for all these experiences. But it's very amusing to see how impossible it is to shake a boy's opinion concerning the insignificance of his school as a school. Why, to put it strongly, he trembled for the Government when, in the Debating Society, Thwackers made his tremendous speech against the Liberals. His school is the centre of the universe to him for the time present; and, on the whole, it is well. He has his favourites, and his antagonists, and his little field of Marathon where the battle was fought which decided it against the reigning bullies of the school. When he steps out of this little world, and has, in fact, been away from it some time, how wonder-struck he is at the hold its terrors, and its favours had upon him. Where now are those whose plaudits were his best reward? where those whose jeers

were his severest punishments? But like other things that serve great ends, that "have their day and pass away," the little world of school is perhaps as wonderful and useful as any.

There is the little world waiting for us everywhere, and it is most difficult to keep a large heart and to take a broad interest in all things. There are circles of science, circles of art, circles of politics, circles of music—circles of all sorts and kinds; and, for the most part, men and women become immersed in some "little world," and never feel their pulse stir with interest in the matters affecting the nearest star to themselves.

Then there is sect life in religion, which takes in its own newspapers, reads its own reviews, and knows often little of those vast and varied subjects which affect the interests of the whole Church of Christ. If it be said that this concentration gives energy, interest, and impulse, I admit it all. Here, again, I find no fault with the fact that the thing should be; but with the concurrent danger of being so wholly rapt up in one little world as not to know or care for all the other little worlds which lie around us on every hand.

"Bigger nor that!" said a lad in Gloucestershire to a clergyman who told him that London was actually larger than one of the very largest villages in the district. Bigger nor that! In the little world in which he lived that was a very large place indeed.

We smile at this lad! But does not continental travel do very much for you whata visit to "Lunnon" would do for that boy? What different estimates those form of men and things who have traversed the great, wide world in which our own dear Fatherland is but a tiny island! It is a good and wise thing for those that have the means to let their sons travel before they settle in the world; it makes them better writers, better politicians, better thinkers, better doers; they get a breadth of thought and a scope of observation to be gained in no other way.

Must not every one of us, it may be asked, live in a certain little world? Very likely. But the wise man, whilst doing this, will live above it; he will believe that Christ's Church is larger than his own denomination; and that in matters of this world the common conscience of men will be the ultimate court of appeal, and not the condemnation or approbation of some small clique amongst whom he may have lived and moved and had his being.

In the little worlds of human life, what changes take place. I do not mean merely in the process of removal by death, so much as by alteration in the spirit of the place. You go back to the college where once some professor held sway, who was moulding men after his own ideal, and in a few years, at the same university, you find the whole

spirit of the dream has changed, and another name is the watchword of the day, and the once royal influence has passed away.

But let us not forget that the great duty which ought to lie upon the conscience of each of us is this—to live and act not upon the opinion or dictum of any class of men, or of any man, but upon the Word and will of God. We can carry our own world with us by taking God with us. I have read of a certain sea-fish which carries its own atmosphere with it; there is a surrounding of air, replenished of course from time to time, by which the life is fed, nourished, and sustained in the depths of ocean. It lives in its own surrounding ball of air. So it is the privilege of the Christian to live and walk with God—to realise the meaning of the words, "Our life is hid with Christ in God."

Every "little world" will soon pass away, and so will the great globe itself; but there is One who endureth for ever. His frown ought to be our severest chastisement; his smile our sweetest pleasure, for His judgment will live and affect our interests when all human opinions are forgotten for ever. Beautifully does Longfellow say, "Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of time. We look for the homes of our childhood; they are gone: for the friends of our childhood; they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river."

We have constancy and perpetuity alone in God. Whosoever will try to keep his little world of approval, and interest, and like-mindedness around him will soon find it cannot be: one by one friends will drop off and die away; and he will be left alone, and yet not alone, if the Father be with him.

I am far from saying that it is either possible or desirable to escape from the influence of certain little worlds. Perhaps, for instance, in the village life we should all be influenced a little by the critical spirit of the place; but at the same time we ought to see to it that our armour is proof-plate against the mere words of men.

Certain little worlds there always will be. If six people only get together, there is a world at once, and one will by force of character become king. On board an East Indiaman, where people who have never known each other before are thrown together for three or four months, society takes a form at once; there is an upper circle formed, there is a social status, and a popular opinion. You might as well try to destroy the principle of gravitation, as to alter the law by which certain little worlds are formed. A true philosophy does not try to break them up; but

first to make them better, and, above all, to render them innocuous, so that the large soul of man may live in them, and yet not be moulded by them. We ought always to keep our life under the highest and divinest law—viz., the guidance and government of God.

Neither, dear reader, is it certain that those who eloquently condemn the gossipings, and caricatures, and cuttings, and snubbings of little towns are necessarily immaculate on these points themselves. I have heard people condemn "tea-fights"—as they please to call them—who have no objection to the fight without the tea; and I suppose that by contemplating a looking-glass attentively we might sometimes see a living target for our keenest criticisms. It is not uncommon to find a man declaiming against tyranny, because he cannot have everything his own way; neither is it certain that the little lady who purses up her lips and condemns the gossipers will go down to her grave without having a little turn at the gossiping herself. Speaking or writing against a thing does not always mean renouncing it—or the present writer would be improving at a most prodigious pace.

That is a very cheap and easy virtue which lives upon the condemnation of other people's vices; and when people say, "I should like to read a paper upon Pride so very, very much," it probably means that having a certain individual in their minds, they would like to see him marched out of the barracks into the literary square, and a wire-spun sort of critical cat-o'-nine tails twisted round his back. That is no doubt the secret of the matter; and, in a certain sense, the desire is not an unnatural one. There is in most constitutions a considerable amount of the feeling which "resisteth pride;" but it may be questioned whether, in listening to or reading the castigation of other people's faults, we have not a comfortable sort of satisfaction engendered about ourselves. That's not *my* particular vanity, we say; but we forget that we have perhaps got a vice which would pair off with it very well indeed.

It is, after all, in certain little worlds that people, on the whole, find their proper places: but every little world has its dangers as well as its uses; and nothing will compensate for the loss of individuality of character, independency of thought, and a courage which can dare to be singular where conscience decides for that which is perchance unpopular, and sometimes is deemed impolitic. To be real is the great thing, and we cannot be this if we adapt our character to the popular likes or dislikes. Act what you believe, though you be tarred and feathered with criticisms, or burnt in effigy by a mob. Fear God above all other "fears," and in due time you will find favour with man.



"When upward sprang
The bonny, bonny bird."—p. 746.

THE SKYLARK.

UNFOLD thy blithe, untiring wing,
Sweet minstrel of the sky,
'Tis much I long to hear thee sing
Again before I die;
To hear thee as my childhood heard,
If such a thing may be,
When more an angel than a bird
I used to picture thee.

"See, yonder is the very stream,
The field, the hedge, the stile,
Where I would sit and vainly dream,
And thou wouldst sing the while.
Thy songs have made the earth more gay,
But my fond dreams, alas!
Have passed as from the ruffled bay
The frightened moonbeams pass.

"A summer day of love was mine—
As fleeting and as fair—
Ah, less indulgent fate than thine!
When thou forsak'st the air,
Thou'rt free to leave the dewy plain
And cleave the skies anew;
But *I* may never more regain
The heaven that once I knew.

"The flowers that bless *thy* lowly cot
Are born with every spring;
But *mine*, alas! *they* answer not
The south wind's whispering.
On memory's page alone I trace,
Through many a starting tear,
The outline of each lovely face
That dwells no longer here."

Thus I repined, when upward sprang
The bonny, bonny bird,
And such a carol as he sang
Hath mortal seldom heard.
When loud winds shook the branches bare,
Louder *his* song would be;
The red sun thawed the cold March air
Not half so much as *he*.

And more than that, it thawed my soul,
To see him in the sky,
Upspringing to the farthest goal
To which a bird might fly.
Should *I*, distrustful of my God,
To bleak despair give way,
While *he* soared from his frozen clod,
To bless the wintry day? A. W. B.

FALLACIES.

THERE is not, perhaps, a single individual who will read this paper who has not, some time or other, in his or her lifetime, taken an active part in some discussion or argument. Yet in every thousand persons who argue about matters political, social, and religious, there is generally only one or two to be found who have ever learned a single rule in logic. It has therefore become a very common practice for persons who are themselves ignorant of logic, to say that the study of that science is mere waste of time, seeing that many who have never studied its laws are very well able to take their part in any argument in which they may be interested. It would be just as reasonable, however, to say that children should not be instructed in the rules of grammar, because many persons who have never learned those rules are nevertheless able to speak with tolerable accuracy. The chief advantage of a knowledge of the principles of logic is, not simply to teach me to argue correctly myself, but to enable me to detect fallacies in the arguments of others. I have often heard a man defending with great zeal and much ability the proper side of a question, and although he was convinced

that his opponent's views were wrong, yet he was quite unable to detect and expose the fallacies in his arguments; whereas the opponent, being an acute logician, was able to expose every little flaw in his arguments, and thus shake the strength of his whole case. I shall endeavour to point out in this paper a few of the species of fallacies which are most commonly met with in conversational arguments; and in any illustrations which I may use, I must not be understood as in any way expressing an opinion on the merits of the question itself from which the illustration may be selected, but merely pointing out some ordinary instance of fallacy, sometimes used in defence of what is really true, and sometimes in maintaining what is absolutely false.

There is, perhaps, no species of false argument more common than what logicians call "an argument from the particular to the universal." In simple language, we have no right ever to assert that because a certain thing is true of some individual, or of a large number of individuals, that the same thing is, *therefore*, true of the entire class to which those individuals belong. To take a very common instance of this fallacy. Two persons are discussing the merits of the Roman Catholic clergy

as a body. One argues that the Roman clergy are a depraved, wicked class, *because* he knew a Popish priest named A who did such and such a disgraceful act, and another priest named B who was guilty of something else. The argument put in a logical form is, that because certain individual priests are criminal, therefore that all priests are criminal. The opponent argues equally illogically. He defends the character of priests in general, urging that he knew C and D, men of most exemplary piety, and that therefore priests in general are good and pious men. The fallacy on both sides is, that the argument is a general conclusion—on the one side that “priests are good men,” on the other that “priests are bad men,” drawn in each case from particular instances. It would be equally logical to argue, “I know a certain fishwoman who has red hair; therefore, fishwomen have red hair;” or, “I saw a dog with only one eye; therefore, a dog has only one eye.” Absurd as this seems when examined into, yet there is no fallacy more repeatedly heard in ordinary conversation or argument. We must clearly observe *where* the fallacy lies. The fallacy does not lie in referring to these particular examples, to do so is quite correct and logical, but it is the use which is made of these examples that is illogical. The proper use of particular examples or statements is, not to establish a general truth, but to refute the general statement of your opponent. Thus if your opponent states, “All priests are good men,” it is a conclusive and logical reply for you to say, “No; for a certain priest named A was a bad man.” To take a more simple instance in illustration of the logical and illogical use of particular instances. It is fallacious to say, “I have a cat which has no tail; therefore, cats have no tails.” It is logical to reply to any one asserting, “All cats have tails,” “No; for my cat has no tail.” Now it is, I think, clear to every reader that the kind of argument of which I have been writing is really unsound. It is, however, necessary to show now *why* this kind of argument is unsound. In every simple proposition we state either the agreement or disagreement of two things. If we state that two things agree—e.g., “Man is a reasoning animal,” it is called an affirmative proposition; if we state their disagreement—e.g., “Dogs are not reasoning animals,” it is called a negative proposition. The object of every argument is to prove the disagreement or agreement of two things, and this is done logically by proving the agreement of each with some one other thing, and therefore their agreement with each other. Just as if we were discussing the height of two tables, and we found each of them to be exactly the same height as a three-foot rule, we should logically conclude that each table was the same height as the other, because each was the same

height as the same three-foot rule. Thus, if I want to prove the simple proposition, “Man is a rational animal,” I do so by comparing the two things, “man,” and “rational animal,” with some other thing. If they both agree with the same thing, they agree with each other, and the statement is true; if not, it is false. I therefore put the argument logically thus: Man reasons; all rational animals reason; therefore, man is a rational animal. The two chief things to be noted in such an argument are, that the two things spoken of are compared with *the same* thing in order to prove their agreement or otherwise, and that the same word or phrase is used in exactly the same signification all through the argument. It looks logical to say, “Light dispels darkness; feathers are light; therefore, feathers dispel darkness;” but it really is unsound, for the word “light” is used in a different sense in two places. We do not compare our two terms “feathers” and “dispels darkness” with the same thing, but with different things which chance to have the same name. Again, it seems logical to say, “Negroes are men; negroes are black; therefore, men are black;” but it is really a bad argument, and the conclusion is false, because we use the term “men” in the conclusion in a wider sense than that in which we used it in our first proposition. When we said, “Negroes are men,” we did not mean by “men” “all men.” When we said, “Men are black,” we did infer by that term “all men.” Thus, though we compared “men” and “negroes” with the same term, “black,” and found that each agreed with it, we only used the word men in a limited sense, and in drawing our conclusion we must not use this same term in a more extended signification. Having examined this mode of argument thus accurately, why the kind of arguments to which I referred at the outset are really fallacies will be easily understood. The argument logically put is—A is a priest; A is a good man; therefore, a priest is a good man. We undoubtedly, in the two propositions, compare the terms “good man” and “priest” with one and the same A; but then, in our conclusion, we use the term “a priest” in a wider sense than we had used it in our first proposition. The only logical conclusion to be drawn would be, “a certain priest named A is a good man.” This class of false argument is very generally and most mischievously used in religious discussions, and good persons seldom see the real evil which they do in employing it. Supposing a man arguing against our blessed Lord’s Divinity, the very common reply to such is—“Why, that is Socinianism.” The conclusion is, *therefore*, it is false. To make this logical it would be necessary first to prove that everything which a Socinian believes is false; then we might fairly argue, if all they believe is false,

every particular is false likewise. The really logical reply to the false statement would be—"Every doctrine taught in the Bible is true; our Lord's Divinity is taught in the Bible; therefore, the doctrine of our Lord's Divinity is true, and the

opposite of whatever is true, must be false." It would save a great deal of useless argument, and worse than useless recrimination, if we would always bear in mind that we have no right whatever to argue from a particular instance to a universal truth.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

THE SEASONS.

"**A**H! how I wish it was always winter," said Ernest, one day when he had made a man of snow. His father told him to write this wish in his pocket-book, and he did so. Winter passed away, and spring came. Ernest was standing with his father beside a flower-bed, and was quite in ecstasy at the sight of the beautiful hyacinths, primroses, and crocuses.

"These are the produce of spring," said his father, "and will pass away with it."

"Ah!" replied Ernest, "how I wish it was always spring!"

His father said, "Write this wish in my pocket-book." He did so. The spring passed away, and summer came. Ernest went with his parents and some companions, on a fine warm day, to the nearest village, where they remained the whole day. They saw everywhere green fields and meadows decked with lovely flowers, and sheep with their young lambs frisking around them, and little colts jumping about their mothers.

"Is it not true," said the father, as they were going towards home, "that summer has also its pleasures?"

"Oh!" replied Ernest, "how I wish it was always summer!"

His father made him write this in his pocket-book also. At last came the autumn. It was not so hot as in summer, but the air was soft, and the sky serene. The trees were bent down with the weight of the fruit upon them. This was a real treat to Ernest, who liked nothing better than fruit.

"This beautiful weather," said his father, "will soon be over, and we shall have winter again."

"Ah!" said Ernest, "how I wish it was always autumn!"

"Do you really wish so?" asked his father.

"Really," was the reply.

"But," continued his father, as he took out his pocket-book, "look, what is written here? read it."

"How I wish it was always winter."

"And now read what is written on this side."

"How I wish it was always spring."

"And again on this side."

"How I wish it was always summer."

"Do you know," said the father, "who wrote those sentences?"

"It was I who wrote them," replied Ernest.

"And what did you wish just now?"

"I wished that it might always be autumn."

"That is strange," said the father. "In winter you wished that it might always be winter; in spring, that it might be always spring; in summer, that it might be always summer; and in autumn, that it might be always autumn. Just reflect on this, and you will say that each season is desirable in its turn. Yes, they all have their various pleasures, and are rich in their various gifts towards mankind. The all-wise Creator who governs the world knows what is best for us. If the last winter had remained according to your wish, we should have had no spring, no summer, no autumn. The earth would have been constantly covered with snow, and we should have had no out-door enjoyments. It is well for us that these things do not depend on ourselves. Each season has its peculiar beauties and pleasures, from which we can derive certain enjoyments. Each season is connected with the preceding one. They change by degrees, so softly and unnoticed, that we feel no inconvenience. After the frost of winter, the heat of summer does not succeed immediately, but the mild breath of spring prepares us for it, and this by degrees passes into the cool days of autumn, after which winter comes again. By this we perceive that the wisdom of God is infinite, his goodness is ever great towards us, and his decrees ever tend to the benefit and happiness of mankind."

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 733.

"Bless, and curse not."—Rom. xii. 14.

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|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. B ozer | 1 Sam. xiv. 4. |
| 2. L achish | 2 Chron. xxv. 27. |
| 3. E lishawa's | Jer. xxxvi. 20. |
| 4. S hibboleth | Judg. xii. 6. |
| 5. S haashgaz | Ezth. ii. 14. |
| 6. A bsalom | 2 Sam. xiv. 26. |
| 7. N aamah's | 1 Kings xiv. 21. |
| 8. D avid | 1 Sam. xxi. 13. |
| 9. C ezi | Numb. xxv. 15. |
| 10. U ziah | 2 Chron. xxvi. 3. |
| 11. B izpah | 2 Sam. xxi. 10. |
| 12. S hiahak | 1 Kings xi. 40. |
| 13. E lizezer's | 2 Chron. xx. 37. |
| 14. N achon's | 2 Sam. vi. 6. |
| 15. O g's | Deut. iii. 11. |
| 16. T hebez | Judg. ix. 50-53. |

KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ACCEPTED.



WE have seen that Miss Ormond's better nature struggled with and triumphed over her suspicions of her companion. Her morning salutation when Edina entered the breakfast-room was very cordial. Mrs. Tregabbitt noticed it, and mentally recalled Mr. Graspington's injunction that Edina was to be "kept in her place as a humble companion," though she felt assured that the young girl's continued reserve would be a preventive of any great intimacy, so that when Kate, who just then rather shrunk from a *tête-à-tête* with her *chère mère*, proposed that they should order the carriage early, and all make a long visit to the South Kensington Museum, she urged Edina to go in a tone so earnest that her excuses were entirely overruled. The widow was glad that Miss Ormond had resolved to take the young girl with them. It was better, for a while at all events, not to irritate Mr. Graspington by running too strongly counter to his wishes as to the intimacy with the Clipp family; so, according to the approved process of locking the stable door when the steed is stolen, Mrs. Tregabbitt, ignorant of Kate's interview of the preceding night and its result, was all animation and cordiality.

Of all the places of resort in London, Edina had most wished to visit South Kensington; and if she had been as free from care as on her first arrival at Rivercroft, her young heart would have been full of pleasure at the prospect of a quiet day there, with no interruption of a party. But short as the time of her residence in England had been, how wide was the difference between now and then! How comparatively blessed was the loneliness of her childhood, in which there was freedom from all dread of disgrace—all sense of humiliation—compared to the present, when the secret of her parentage weighed her down with dread and sorrow, seemed to isolate her by a barrier of disgrace from all society or friendly ties. The remembrance of the little line of writing that she had received increased her perplexity; but there was no escape: she must attend Mrs. Tregabbitt and Miss Ormond. Her position as a dependant, as a young girl under authority, could not be unknown to the man—the mysterious and unfortunate man—who called himself her father. There was no help for it; this Mr. L'Estrange must be disappointed.

The drive to town in an open carriage, the cheerful sunshine, and busy wayfarers along the road, relieved the monotony of the young girl's thoughts. She was able to take an interest in what she saw; and on arriving at the Museum, with all the elasticity of youth, was ready both with wonder and admiration. Neither Kate nor Edina were as yet *blase* with sight-seeing; all to their fresh perceptions was pleasant, and they lingered not only over pictures and sculpture, but roamed from

room to room, constantly finding something new and interesting, and deriving instruction from all. The hours lapsed unnoticed, and Mrs. Tregabbitt had more than once comfortably ensconced herself on a sofa for a full hour, while they rambled about. Much to their surprise, a clock struck four. With that sound their matronly friend thought of dinner; while Kate, with a pensive smile, felt how pleasantly the morning had passed; indeed, much pleasanter than if with the Clippes. Edina thought of the cemetery as she heard the hour, and of the grave and the watcher there. The three were just coming out of the entrance and looking about for their carriage, when two gentlemen passed them; one, a moment after, leaving his companion, stepped back, and offered to seek their carriage. It was Gerald Oakenshaw. The meeting was very agreeable, for a number of students were leaving some of the rooms at the time, and the throng rather impeded the ladies. Mrs. Tregabbitt was never slow to secure an escort, and she instantly took the arm offered her, while the young ladies walked on just in front; and as, amid her multitudinous inquiries, she soon learned that Mr. Oakenshaw was on his way homeward, she urged him to accept the vacant seat in their carriage. He did not refuse, and in a short time they were bowling along the road to Rivercroft, the conversation on what they had seen being more than usually animated. Even Edina entered into it with a zest so very unusual that Kate looked at her with surprise, and Mrs. Tregabbitt noted the soft bloom that mantled her delicate cheek, and gave a richer lustre to her deep eyes.

"Tough Graspington is a great simpleton, with all his worldly wisdom, to be ashamed of that girl," was her comment; while Gerald Oakenshaw, though he addressed his conversation chiefly to the other ladies, certainly did not fail to observe the looks and words of the youngest of the party with an interest none the less deep for being secret.

Two incidents varied their journey home. They had just passed through Hammersmith when they were overtaken by Mr. Clipp, riding down to Rivercroft; and, to judge by his countenance when he saw them, or rather when he saw Gerald Oakenshaw in the carriage, not too well pleased at the grouping. He reined up his horse to the side of the carriage, and, bowing to the ladies, and giving as slight a nod of recognition as the laws of good breeding could warrant to the young man, said, looking with a rather comical expression of regret towards Miss Ormond—

"Have my mother and sister been doomed to disappointment to-day?"

"Not that I am aware of," Kate replied.

"They expected you, Miss Ormond, and you, my dear madam, to join them in a visit to Kew Gardens. You must have left home early. My mother, I know, sent one of our men over in the boat this morning, just when I was leaving for town, to say that the carriage would call for you at noon."

"Oh, we did leave early. We've had a delightful day," said Mrs. Tregabbitt, Kate softening her words by remarking—

"I am glad that Mrs. Clipp sent over a servant. She would hear that we had left, and that would prevent her kind intention ending in any very annoying disappointment."

Mr. Clipp sighed elaborately, and the blush that rose to Miss Ormond's face, somehow startled Mrs. Tregabbitt, who said, rather abruptly, "And where are you riding to now, Mr. Clipp?"

He turned on his saddle, and bowing in some confusion, answered, "I was going, madam, to seek the pleasure you have so often given me of late that I cannot deprive myself of it—the pleasure of your and Miss Ormond's society."

Mrs. Tregabbitt let down her veil, and complained of the dust, and the carriage proceeded, with Mr. Clipp riding at the side at which Miss Ormond sat.

It was not in the nature of Gerald Oakenshaw to give pain to any human being, if he could avoid it; and while he resented the lurking defiance and suspicion that he detected in Mr. Clipp's looks, and might—not unjustifiably—have punished it by addressing his conversation to Miss Ormond, a sympathy with a lover's irritability sprung up in his heart, and he turned to Edina; and continued the conversation, which had before been general, with her.

It was strange to the timid girl to feel how completely at her ease she was with him. How his manners, without being in the least demonstrative, so admirably blended the genial and the deferential. Perhaps the secret of the charm of those manners was that he had a lofty, spiritual estimate of woman. To him she was no pretty trifler to amuse an idle hour—no mere beautiful vision to flatter and adore—she was

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller 'twixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command;
And yet a woman, too, and bright
With something of an angel's light."*

Mr. Clipp was not the only person destined to interrupt, rather than add to the pleasure of their drive. Just as the carriage was turning out of the main road down an avenue, and when Edina was actually laughing at some remark of Mr. Oakenshaw's, all of a sudden a shock seemed to pass through her whole frame. She half sprang up, with an alarmed look, and then sank back with a shudder, her eyes for a moment wandering round as if seeking a place of escape, and her white lips stiffening as the blood receded to her heart.

"What is it?—what has hurt you, Edina?" exclaimed Gerald Oakenshaw, unconscious, in his surprise, that he had called her by her Christian name.

"Dear me, what ails you to look like that?" inquired Mrs. Tregabbitt, hastily; while Miss Ormond looked inquiringly out of the carriage, as she exclaimed—

"Has anything been thrown at you? are you hurt?"

But the folly of the question was apparent to the speaker, even while she was uttering it, for the road was quite clear of all passengers, except, indeed, one tall gentleman, who was walking slowly along the road on the near side, and paused an instant as the carriage wheels came rather closely to the bank. Neither Miss Ormond nor any of them saw or, indeed, looked at the man's face. They were past in an instant—before, even, the sudden spasm or rigour had left Edina, who, in a strange inward voice, answered them—

"It's nothing; I was only frightened—that is, I had a—turn. I'm better; it's nothing."

"Nothing! Why, I thought you were going into a fit, child," said Mrs. Tregabbitt; "you started so that you actually shook the carriage."

"You must discipline your nerves better," remarked Mr. Oakenshaw, a touch of tenderness that he could not suppress making his voice low and concentrated; indeed, his words only reached her ear. Unheard by others, they vibrated to her heart; but with their sweetness came the pang—

"Ah! if he knew all about me, and who and what my parents were, would he not shun me?"

This and a multitude of similar thoughts rushed through her mind, as she drew down her veil and tried to still the tremor that yet shook her, for, as our readers will readily divine, the man who drew himself to the side of the road was seen clearly and recognised by Edina as L'Estrange.

On their arrival at Rivercroft there was a shock awaiting Mrs. Tregabbitt. She was not pleased that Mr. Clipp had accompanied them home. It looked to her, seen in the light Mr. Graspington had thrown on the matter last night, too familiar; and when Gerald Oakenshaw bowed his farewell, she held out her hand, evidently purposing to take leave of Mr. Clipp also, but he threw the reins to a servant, and, as he dismounted, said—

"I must ask hospitality, my dear madam, for my horse; I fear I rode him hard before I met you; he is too jaded this hot day to return with me at once."

There was no help for it; as Mr. Clipp must be asked to dinner, Mrs. Tregabbitt included Mr. Oakenshaw in the invitation; she then followed Miss Ormond upstairs, and, laying her hand on the young lady's arm, as they reached Kate's chamber door, said—

"That Clipp Junior is too presuming, my dear; he really conducts himself not like an acquaintance, but as if he were an accepted lover."

"Oh!" said Kate, clasping her hands helplessly, and hiding a face that was agitated with a variety of emotions on her friend's bosom, "that is it, *chère mère*; he is an accepted lover."

For a moment there was a pause, which was at length broken by Mrs. Tregabbitt saying, in a tone of excitement, "Then all I have to say is, you are under age; you cannot accept him. Mr. Graspington will never allow it—not he, indeed; nor will I, and so I'll tell him. Accepted, indeed! You're a minor—you're a child."

Kate, who had never been used all her life to any but honied words, was roused, and looked up proudly.

"I'm not such a child as not to know the value of a

* Wordsworth.

promise—the consequences involved. I can take no dishonourable refuge in a legal quibble. I have given my word, Mrs. Tregabbitt; I cannot withdraw it. If my father had lived he might have disallowed it; but no one else has that right, no one——”

The sentence ended in tears.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A VOICE ON THE RIVER.

THERE never had been so uncomfortable and constrained a party assembled round the dinner table at Rivercroft. Mr. Clipp was none the less demonstrative in his attentions to Miss Ormond now that he saw, with suppressed indignation, that Mrs. Tregabbitt was offended. Kate was fitful and excited, inclined to resent authority to which she was unaccustomed, and was yet conscious that in accepting Mr. Clipp neither her heart nor head had sanctioned the act. The “yes” of the former night, but for an exaggerated sense of honour, would have been changed to “no” that next morning, if she could have yielded to her convictions. Mrs. Tregabbitt was thoroughly out of temper, and inclined to blame every one but herself. Edina, conscious that she had nearly betrayed herself by the startled manner that had excited the attention of all the party in the carriage, was absorbed and embarrassed. The only person really at ease was Gerald Oakenshaw; and with that fine tact which native refinement even more than liberal culture gives, he led the conversation into channels that avoided all personal topics. Foreign travel and countries was a theme that he could treat, and he contrived to interest the company, and save off, if he could not obliterate, unpleasant subjects. After dinner the gentlemen did not remain at the table. As the ladies rose, Mr. Clipp instantly offered his arm to Miss Ormond, when Mrs. Tregabbitt said—

“Pardon me a moment, Mr. Clipp, I must ask you to step into the library with me, I have to deliver a message to you from Mr. Graspington. Mr. Oakenshaw will accompany the young ladies.”

There was no escaping from this plain request, but Mr. Clipp did not relinquish Kate’s arm. He answered, with a formal bow, “I will attend you, madam, in an instant.” Then conducting Miss Ormond into the drawing-room, and seating her on a couch, he bent over her, and said, in a familiar tone intended to be heard and noticed—

“My dear Miss Ormond, you look sadly fatigued. I really think I must ask you, as a favour to me, to be more careful of yourself this hot weather.”

Kate’s cheek crimsoned, but she made no other answer than a careless, “Oh, I’m very well.”

Gerald Oakenshaw led Edina up to the window, and stepped out himself on to the terrace; Mr. Clipp being obliged to return to the library, where Mrs. Tregabbitt was waiting. The nature of that interview may be inferred from the issue. In about half an hour afterwards, Mr. Clipp’s horse was led from the stable to the door, and the young man re-entered the drawing-room, his face white with suppressed passion. He walked up to Miss Ormond, and said—

“I am unexpectedly required to—that is—I have to go, dear Miss Ormond, sooner than I intended. I will write you.”

“Are you sent for?” said Edina, good-naturedly coming in aid of Kate, who looked for a moment the picture of surprise and confusion. “I hope it’s no bad news, Mr. Clipp.”

“Not pleasant news by any means,” said Mr. Clipp, addressing his reply to Miss Ormond; “but,” he added, significantly, “I shall soon put it all right—very soon.”

He evidently pressed the hand that Kate extended to him, and almost without noticing Edina, or looking towards the terrace, where Gerald was sauntering, he hastened from the room, Miss Ormond’s self-respect being outraged at the thought that he had received some pointed insult from Mrs. Tregabbitt—insult in her house, and on her account. This sort of treatment, endured by one who loved her, did much to fix Kate’s thoughts and sympathies upon him. For of all the means to hurry woman’s heart into what she deems, or mistakes for, love, none is more effectual than opposition.

Mr. Clipp, riding off discomfited, was far more triumphant over Kate’s heart than he had been a short time previously, when she had accepted him.

On Mrs. Tregabbitt’s return to the drawing-room, Miss Ormond, on the plea of headache, had retired to her chamber. The widow opened her desk, and commenced writing to Mr. Graspington, which Gerald Oakenshaw interpreted into a signal of dismissal, and took leave of her and Edina, the latter availing herself of the opportunity of going down to the harbour to hold communion with her thoughts. The tide was low, and the evening was close and sultry. Not a leaf stirred on the trees, not a ripple agitated the surface of the water; there was a deep, ominous hush that oppressed the spirits. Huge lead-coloured clouds, with lurid edges, hung in heavy folds over the setting sun. The river, at that hour often so animated, was unusually free of boats, indeed, for many minutes none were visible. Suddenly, as Edina leaned over the balcony, occupied more with her own musing than the appearance either of the river or the weather, she was aware that a boat was crossing from the opposite side. It seemed to shoot out from under the shelter of a group of willows. It was rowed by one man, and by the time that it was in mid-stream, she had an oppressive feeling that she had been seen by the rower, and was sought by him. If so, in the present state of the tide, he could not come close to the harbour, and this was rather a relief to Edina, for she felt that, come what may, she could not continue to hold intercourse with him, and still retain her position in Miss Ormond’s house. The ambiguity of her circumstances, in reference to the living and the dead, so completely overwhelmed her, that, as she reflected on it, she was wrought to desperation. “Any state—any honest state,” she argued, “would be better than this mystery.” It certainly is not true that secrecy and crime are always united, but to the young candid spirit nothing is more intolerable than the burden of apparent deception. So as she looked drearily towards the boat, and became every moment more and more assured that it was L’Estrange

who was rowing it, she had a difficulty in restraining her impulse to fly. A gesture from him stayed her footsteps. He was resting on his oars, and the current gently brought him nearer, until in the quiet night his voice could be heard. He took the precaution not to speak, but to sing, as if some broken snatches of melody, the words floating distinctly on the silent air:—

Come with the midnight,
Come like a dream,
Come, shed a ray of light
On life's turbid stream.
Come, dearest, come,
With midnight, oh, come.

This strain was repeated again and again, in a voice of skilful modulation. Edina could not possibly misunderstand that she was required to come again to the harbour, after the family had retired to rest, and thankful for a present reprieve, before she at all realised what difficulty the future meeting might involve, she had made a gesture of assent, which he saw and understood. Waving one hand, he rowed back swiftly to the other side, and Edina, leaning on the balcony, followed the boat with her eyes, and repeated the assent which her hand had previously given.

Just then, a heavy grasp was laid on her arm, and white with alarm, she turned instantly, and was confronted by Mrs. Tregabbitt, who exclaimed—"Well, to be sure! what does this mean, Miss Minx—what next? Still waters run deep. Pray, who are you making signs to?"

"Making signs?" faltered Edina.

"Yes—making signs, I call it, when a young lady is waving her arms about, and nodding her head, I call that making signs. What did they call it at your French school? I see, you've had a fine education, truly."

"There's no one here, madam," said the poor girl, at her wits' end with shame and fright.

Mrs. Tregabbitt had put up her eye-glass just as a wherry, rounding a little cape below, passed as near the harbour as the tide would permit. A young man was rowing, and indignantly pointing to him, "You have the assurance to deny it!"

Edina, inexpressibly shocked, exclaimed, "Can you really think me capable of such boldness?"

There was such a genuine air of offended modesty in the young girl's manner as well as words, that even Mrs. Tregabbitt, certain as she had felt in making her charge, was impressed, though she answered, "Why, don't presume to tell me that my eyes and ears both deceived me; I heard singing as I came down the path."

"I never saw the young man or his boat, I do assure you—never," reiterated Edina.

"Well, I'm not satisfied. I paid no heed to Jessie, when she told me some days back that she heard you talking down here, as if to some one, and that you almost pushed her, to keep her from coming into the harbour; but what am I to think now?"

Conscience told Edina that the charge was, indeed, partly true; and she sank down on the seat, covered her burning face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

"Go in, I shall let your grandfather know that I am not satisfied with your conduct."

"Oh, Mrs. Tregabbitt; what have I done that you should judge me so harshly? When did I tell you a false-

hood? Mr. Graspington will be glad to hear anything against me; he will believe anything. Oh! it's very dreadful to be so friendless—so alone in the world as I am."

Her words rather touched the widow, who answered, testily, "There, go in, if you're a habit of talking to yourself, and making gestures like an actress, the sooner you get rid of such ways the better; but don't keep on crying. I hate oriers. I shall have my eye on you, and mind, if you've been used to any Frenchified ways of making yourself conspicuous, remember you can't practice them here, near a great city, without being thought bold, and losing that which, if once gone, is never to be regained—your reputation."

There was sense in Mrs. Tregabbitt's plain speech, and Edina, followed the widow into the house, and when they entered the drawing-room, took her hand, and, with tearful earnestness, said, "Do not take your confidence from me; you are judging me by appearances, falsely judging me. I will try to deserve your good opinion in the future, I will, indeed; and as to my being capable of the forward behaviour that you charge me with, I should feel for ever disgraced; I should hate myself if I could act so."

There was no resisting the pleading of her words and looks. Mrs. Tregabbitt felt constrained to believe that she had misjudged her, so she dismissed her to her room, saying, "You are a queer girl, there's no understanding you; but as I don't want to set your grandfather against you (goodness knows that's needless—I may say impossible), I shall not mention this matter to any one. See that I have no reason to complain again, for if people will act like simpletons or criminals, they must expect to be considered as such."

So the two parted, and when Edina had reached her room she sat down utterly wearied, exclaiming to herself, "What is to be done? How am I to act?"

If she had only possessed a direction to which to write to L'Estrange, she would have poured out her soul in entreaty that he would—for a time, at all events—leave her unmolested. She thought that when she was of age she would in some way show a daughter's duty, but as she had not placed herself in her present position, and it involved responsibilities which could not be fulfilled while she had any clandestine intercourse even with the nearest relative. The more she reflected, the more just seemed the conclusion. A meeting to explain this was really necessary, on her behalf, apart from any motive on his part. However reluctant, and she was bitterly reluctant, she must keep the appointment that night—warn him of the discovery so nearly made, and prevent, for a time, any further intercourse.

Fearing she might not be able to say all, she wrote, in allusion to his statement, that he incurred great hazard in coming to her:—

For your sake, as well as mine, I write. I know I shall be watched, and the consciousness of this secret makes me so wretched that I am unable to act with composure. Pity me, and do not exact that which I will readily give when I am older, and less under constraint and observation.

With such reasonings she strove to nerve herself for what she felt was a desperate effort—a final midnight meeting in the harbour.

(To be continued.)